

An entirely New and Original Aesthetic Opera,

IN TWO ACTS,

ENTITLED

PATIENCE

OR,

BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

*Authors of "Trial by Jury," "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore,"
"The Pirates of Penzance," &c., &c., &c.*

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W. S. GILBERT.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

First produced at the Opera Comique, London, on Saturday, 23rd April, 1881, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

PATIENCE ; or, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

COLONEL CALVERLEY	}	Officers of Dragoon Guards.
MAJOR MURGATROYD			
LIEUT. THE DUKE OF DUNSTABLE			
REGINALD BUNTHORNE			
ARCHIBALD GROSVENOR	A Fleshly Poet.	
MR. BUNTHORNE'S SOLICITOR.		An Idyllic Poet.	
CHORUS OF OFFICERS OF DRAGOON GUARDS.			
THE LADY ANGELA	}	Rapturous Maidens.
THE LADY SAPHIR			
THE LADY ELLA			
THE LADY JANE			
AND			
PATIENCE	A Dairymaid	
CHORUS OF RAPTUROUS MAIDENS.			

ACT I.—Exterior of Castle Bunthorne. ACT II.—A ade.

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Mu 782-S

not acc.

PATIENCE; OR, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

Written by W. S. GILBERT

Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

OVERTURE.

Moderato.

PIANO. *f* *p* *dolce.*

A

f *dim.* *p*

dim. *pp* *p*

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Allegro vivace.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system continues the piece. The right hand features a series of eighth-note runs with accents. The left hand maintains a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamics remain consistent with the first system.

The third system introduces more complex rhythmic patterns in the right hand, including some sixteenth-note passages. The left hand continues with eighth notes, with some chords being more densely packed.

The fourth system concludes with a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking. The melodic lines in both hands become more fluid and less rhythmic, leading towards the end of the system.

The fifth system features a key signature change to B-flat major, indicated by a 'B' above the staff. It includes dynamic markings of *pp* (pianissimo) and *f* (forte). The right hand has a more active melodic line, while the left hand has a dense, chordal accompaniment.

The sixth system continues with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and ends with a *p* (piano) marking. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music consists of chords and melodic lines. Dynamic markings include *mf* and *pp*. The system concludes with the markings *cre* and *scem*.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef part includes a *do.* marking above a note. The bass clef part features a *pp* dynamic marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef part has a *f* dynamic marking. The bass clef part has a *pp* dynamic marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef part has a *ff* dynamic marking. The bass clef part has a *v* marking above a note. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef part features a *mf* dynamic marking. The bass clef part has a *pp* dynamic marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

Sixth system of musical notation, starting with a *C* time signature change. The treble clef part has a *mf* dynamic marking. The bass clef part has *p*, *dim.*, and *pp* dynamic markings. The system ends with a double bar line.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music is in a minor key and features a flowing melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *p*, and features a crescendo hairpin in the right hand.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a *D* chord marking above the first measure and a *dolce.* marking in the left hand. The melody continues with grace notes and slurs.

Fourth system of musical notation, including dynamic markings *sf*, *dim.*, and *p*. It features a double bar line and various articulation marks like accents and slurs.

Fifth system of musical notation, starting with a *pp* dynamic marking and a *poco a poco crescendo.* hairpin. The right hand has a complex, rhythmic pattern.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a *fs* dynamic marking followed by a *pp* marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

First system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include *f* and *pp*.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand continues the accompaniment with slurs and accents. Dynamics include *ff*.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand continues the accompaniment with slurs and accents. Dynamics include *pp*. A wavy line labeled *8va.* is present above the right hand.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand continues the accompaniment with slurs and accents. Dynamics include *p stacc.* and *pp*. The text *cre - - - scen - - - do* is written below the left hand.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand continues the accompaniment with slurs and accents. Dynamics include *f* and *mf*.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand continues the accompaniment with slurs and accents. Dynamics include *pp*.

First system of musical notation. The upper staff features a complex, rapid melodic line with many slurs. The lower staff contains a bass line with several chords marked with a 'V' and a dynamic marking of 'f'.

Second system of musical notation. Similar to the first, it shows a highly active upper staff and a bass line with chords and a 'V' marking.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff continues with dense melodic patterns. The lower staff has a more rhythmic bass line with a 'f' dynamic marking at the end.

Fourth system of musical notation. Both staves show dense, block-like chordal textures. The lower staff has a 'f' dynamic marking.

Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff has a melodic line with some slurs. The lower staff is filled with dense chords and has a 'V' marking.

Sixth system of musical notation. The upper staff ends with a wavy line and the text '8va.'. The lower staff has a 'Ped.' marking and ends with a star symbol.

PATIENCE
OR
BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

ACT I.

SCENE.— *Exterior of Castle Bunthorne. Entrance to castle, L. 2d E., by drawbridge over moat. A rocky elevation R. Young ladies dressed in æsthetic draperies are grouped about the stage. They play on lutes, mandolins, etc. as they sing, and all are in the last stage of despair.*

ANGELA, ELLA, and SAPHIR lead them. JANE, a gaunt, formidable, portentous, black-haired, heavy-browed æsthele, sits gloomily apart, with her back to audience, wrapt in grief.

No. 1.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

PIANO

Andante.

f *p* *p*

dim. p

dim. *p* *A*

Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens we, . . . Love - sick all a - gainst our will. . .

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens we, . . . Love - sick all a - gainst our will. . .'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

Twen - ty years hence we shall be Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens still!

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Twen - ty years hence we shall be Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens still!'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic structure as the first system.

Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens we, And we die for love of thee!

The third system of the score features the lyrics 'Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens we, And we die for love of thee!'. The piano accompaniment becomes more complex, with the right hand playing a series of chords and the left hand providing a harmonic foundation.

Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens we, . . . Love - sick all a - gainst our will.

The fourth system repeats the first line of the song with the lyrics 'Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens we, . . . Love - sick all a - gainst our will.'. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is visible at the beginning of the piano accompaniment.

Twen - ty years hence we shall be Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens still!

The fifth system repeats the second line of the song with the lyrics 'Twen - ty years hence we shall be Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens still!'. The piano accompaniment continues with its established harmonic and rhythmic patterns.

B SOLO. ANGELA. **CHORUS.**

Love feeds on hope, they say, or love will die— Ah, mi - se - rie!

ANGELA. **CHORUS** **ANGELA.**

Yet my love lives, al-though no hope have I! Ah, mi - se - rie! A.

... has, . . . poor heart, go hide thy-self a - way— To weep . . . ing

CHORUS.

con - cords tune thy rou - de - lay, Ah, mi - se - rie! All our love is all for

one, Yet that love he heed-eth not, He is coy and cares for none, Sad and



sor - - ry is a lot! Ah, mi - se - rie!



D SOLO. ELLA.

Go, break - - ing heart, . . . Go, dream of love re -



- quit - - ed! Go, fool - ish heart, . . .



Go, dream of lov - ers plight - ed; Go, mad - cap



heart, Go, dream of ne - ver wak - ing;

And in thy dream For - get that thou art break - ing!

CHORUS. Ah, mi - se - rie! **ELLA.** For - get that thou art break - . . . ing!

rall. *a tempo.*
p *colla vocs.*

CHORUS. Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens we, . . . Love - sick all a - gainst our will.

p dolce.

No 2.

RECITATIVE—Patience.

PIANO. *Allegro.*

The piano introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is marked 'Allegro' and begins with a forte 'f' dynamic. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

PATIENCE

Still brood-ing on their mad in-fat-u-a-tion! I thank thee, Love, thou com-est not to

The first system of the vocal part shows the melody for the first line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is shown in the grand staff below. The lyrics are: "Still brood-ing on their mad in-fat-u-a-tion! I thank thee, Love, thou com-est not to".

me; Far hap-pier I, free from thy min-is-tra-tion, Than dukes or

The second system of the vocal part shows the melody for the second line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff below. The lyrics are: "me; Far hap-pier I, free from thy min-is-tra-tion, Than dukes or".

SAPHIR (*Looking up.*)

dash-es-ess who love, can be! 'Tis Pa-tience-

The third system of the vocal part shows the melody for the third line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff below. The lyrics are: "dash-es-ess who love, can be! 'Tis Pa-tience-". The system ends with a double bar line.

hap - py girl! Lov'd by a po - et!

PATIENCE (Going.) **ANGELA.**
Your par - don, la - dies. I in - trade up - on you! Nay, pret - ty child, come

(PATIENCE descends.) **PATIENCE**
w - ther. Is it true That you have ne - ver lov'd? Most true in -

CHORUS. SOPRANI. **CONTRALTI.**
- deed. Most mar - vel - lous! And most de - plo - ra - ble!

Altoos Song

SONG—Patience.

PATIENCE

Allegretto grazioso.

PIANO.

I can - not tell what this love may be That com - eth to all but not to

me. It can - not be kind as they'd im - ply, Or why do these la - dies sigh? It can - not be

joy and rap - ture deep, Or why do these gen - tle la - dies weep? It can - not be bliss - ful as 'tis

riten. A

said, Or why are their eyes so won - drous red? *A a tempo.* Though ev - 'ry -

riten.

- where true love I see A - com - ing to all, but not to

rall. **B** *a tempo.*

me, I can - not tell what this love may be! . . . For I am blithe and I am

gay, While they sit sigh - ing night and day; For I am blithe and I am gay, Think of the

CHORUS.
Yes, she is blithe and she is gay,

gulf 'twixt them and me, Think of the gulf 'twixt them and me, Fal la la la

Yes, she is blithe and gay, Yes, she is blithe and gay.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, and mi - se - rie!

Ah, mi - se - rie!

parody

If love is a thorn, they show no wit Who fool - ish - ly hug and fos - ter

it. If love is a weed, how sim - ple they Who ga - ther it day by day! If love is a

net - tle that makes you smart, Then why do you wear it next your heart? And if it be none of these, say

riten. I, Ah, why do you sit and sob and sigh? *Ga tempo.* Thoug a ev - ry -

riten.

- where true love I see A - com - ing to all, but not to

ral.

a tempo.

me, I can - not tell what this love may be! For I am blithe and I am

gay, While they sit sigh - ing night and day! For I am blithe and I am gay. Think of the

CHORUS

For she is blithe and she is gay,

gulf 'twixt them and me, Think of the gulf 'twixt them and me, Fal la la la

For she is blithe and gay, For she is blithe and gay,

ad lib.

la la, and mi - se - rie!

Ah, mi - se - rie!

ANG. Ah, Patience, if you have never loved, you have never known true happiness! (*All sigh, and JANE groans.*)

PAT. But the truly happy seem to have so much on their minds! The truly happy never seem quite well.

JANE. There is a transcendental of delirium, an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy, which the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion. But it is *not* indigestion; it is æsthetic transfiguration! (*To the others.*) Enough of babble. Come!

PAT. But I have some news for you. The Thirty-fifth Dragoon Guards have halted in the village, and are even now on their way to this very spot.

ANG. (*Contemptuously.*) The Thirty-fifth Dragoon Guards!

SAPH. They are fleshy men, of full habit.

ELLA. We care nothing for Dragoon Guards.

PAT. But, bless me, you were all in love with them a year ago!

SAPH. A year ago!

ANG. My poor child, you don't understand these things. A year ago they were very well in our eyes, but since then our tastes have been etherealized, our perceptions exalted. (*To others.*) Come! it is time to lift up our voices in morning carol to our Reginald. Let us to his door.

(*The ladies go off two and two, singing refrain of "Twenty love-sick maidens we," and accompanying themselves on harps and mandolins. PATIENCE watches them in surprise, and goes off up rock. March. Enter officers of Dragoon Guards from behind rock, led by MAJOR. They march round stage.*)

No. 3. SOLO—Colonel, & Chorus of Dragoons.

Allegro marziale.

PLANO. *ff*

Sva.

CHORUS. TENORS.

BASSES. *f*

The sol - diers of our Queen Are link'd in friend - ly te - ther; Up - on the bat - tle

The sol - diers of our Queen Are link'd in friend - ly te - ther; Up - on the bat - tle

scene They fight the foe to - ge - ther. There ev - 'ry mo - ther's son Pre - par'd to fight and

scene They fight the foe to - ge - ther. There ev - 'ry mo - ther's son Pre - par'd to fight and

This system contains two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves have lyrics: "scene They fight the foe to - ge - ther. There ev - 'ry mo - ther's son Pre - par'd to fight and". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and moving lines.

B
fall is; The en - e - my of one The en - e - my of all is! The en - e - my of

fall is; The en - e - my of one The en - e - my of all is! The en - e - my of

B

This system contains two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves have lyrics: "B fall is; The en - e - my of one The en - e - my of all is! The en - e - my of". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and moving lines. A section marker "B" is placed above the first vocal staff.

one The en - e - my of all is!

one The en - e - my of all is!

This system contains two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves have lyrics: "one The en - e - my of all is!". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking "ff" is present in the piano accompaniment.

Allegro.

(Enter COLONEL.)

SOLO. COLONEL.

If you want a re - ceipt for that pop - u - lar mys - te - ry,

Known to the world as a Hea - vy Dra - goon,
 CHORUS OF DRAGOONS.

Yes, yes, yes, yes,

Take all the re - mark - a - ble peo - ple in his - to - ry, Rat - tle them off to a

yes, yes, yes!

pop - u - lar tune.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

1. The pluck of Lord Nel - son on board of the Vic - to - ry -
want a re - ceipt for this sol - dier - like pa - ra - gon,

Ge - nius of Bis - marck de - vis - ing a plan; The hu - mour of Field - ing, (which sounds con - tra - dic - to - ry) -
Get at the wealth of the Czar (if you can) - The fam - i - ly pride of a Span - iard from Ar - ra - gon -

Cool - ness of Pa - get a - bout to tre - pan - The sci - ence of Jul - lien, the em - i - nent mu - si - co -
Force of Me - phis - to pro - nounc - ing a ban - A smack of Lord Wa - ter - ford, reck - less and rol - lick - y -

Wit of Mac - au - lay, who wrote of Queen Anne—The pa - thos of Pad - dy, as ren - der'd by Bou - ci - cault—
Swag - ger of Ro - der - ick, head - ing his clan— The keen pen - e - tra - tion of Pad - ding - ton Pol - la - ky—

Style of the Bish - op of So - dor and Man— The dash of a D'Or - say, di - vest - ed of quack - er - ry—
Grace of an O - da - lisque on a di - van, The ge - nius stra - te - gic of Cæ - sar or Han - i - bal—

Nar - ra - tive pow - ers of Dic - kens and Thac - ke - ray— Vic - tor Em - ma - nu - el— peak - haunt - ing Pe - ve - ril—
Skill of Sir Gar - net in thrash - ing a can - ni - bal— Fla - vour of Ham - let— the Strang - er, a touch of him—

Tho - mas A - qui - nas and Doc - tor Sa - che - ve - rell— Tup - per and Ten - ny - son— Dan - iel De - foe—
Lit - tle of Man - fred (but not ve - ry much of him)— Bea - die of Bur - ling - ton— Ri - chard - son's show—

CFS SCEN . . .

An - tho - ny Trol - lope and Mis - ter Gui - zot !
 Mis - ter Mi - caw - ber and Ma - dame Tus - sand !

CHORUS. *f*

Yes, yes, yes, yes,

do. *f*

Ah ! Take of these e - le - ments all that is fu - si - ble -

yes, yes, yes, yes ! A Hea - vy Dra - goon, a Hea - vy Dra - goon,

p

Melt 'em all down in a pip - kin or cru - ci - ble - Set 'em to sim - mer and take off the scum . .

Hea - vy Dra - goon, a Hea - vy Dra - goon, a Hea - vy Dra - goon, a Hea - vy Dra - goon . .

And a Hea - - - - - vy Dra - goon is the re - - - - - si - da - um !

is the re - - - - - si - da - um !

2nd time.

f

COL. Well, here we are on the scene of our former triumphs. But where's the Duke?

(Enter DUKE, listlessly and in low spirits.)

DUKE. Here I am! (Sighs.)

COL. Come, cheer up! don't give way!

DUKE. Oh, for that, I'm as cheerful as a poor devil can be expected to be who has the misfortune to be a duke with a thousand a day!

MAJ. Humph! Most men would envy you!

DUKE. Envy me? Tell me, Major, are you fond of candy?

MAJ. Very!

COL. We are all fond of candy.

ALL. We are!

DUKE. Yes, and candy in moderation is a capital thing. But to live on candy—candy for breakfast, candy for dinner, candy for tea—to have it supposed that you care for nothing but candy, and that you would consider yourself insulted if anything but candy were offered to you,—how would you like that?

COL. I can believe that, under those circumstances, even candy would become monotonous.

DUKE. For "candy" read flattery, adulation, and abject deference, carried to such a pitch that I began, at last, to think that man was born bent at an angle of forty-five degrees! Great Heavens! what is there to adulate in me? Am I particularly

intelligent, or remarkably studious, or excruciatingly witty, or unusually accomplished, or exceptionally virtuous?

COL. You're about as commonplace a young man as ever I saw.

ALL. You are!

DUKE. Exactly! that's it, exactly! That describes me to a T! Thank you all very much. Well, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I joined this regiment. In the army, thought I, I shall be occasionally snubbed, perhaps even bullied; who knows? The thought was rapture, and here I am.

COL. (Looking off.) And here are the ladies!

DUKE. But who is the gentleman with the long hair?

COL. I don't know.

DUKE. He seems popular.

COL. He *does* seem popular.

(ALGERNON BUNTHORNE enters, followed by ladies, two and two, singing and playing on harps as before. He is reading, and quite absorbed. He sees no one, but walks across stage, followed by ladies.)

(They take no notice of Dragoons, to the surprise and indignation of those Officers.)

No. 4 CHORUS, with SOLOS—Angela, Ella, & Bunthorne

Allegretto amoroso.

PIANO.

ELLA with 1st SOP.

ANG. & SAP.
with 2nd SOP.

In a dole - ful train Two and two we walk all day— For we

love in vain! None so sor - row - ful as they Who can on - ly

sigh and say, Woe is me, a - lack a - day! . . .

CHORUS OF DRAGOONS

Woe is me, a - lack - a - day! Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous—and

f

mf

is not this pre - pos - te - rous? A tho - rough-paced ab - sur - di - ty— ex - plain it if you can In -

-stead of rush - ing ea - ger - ly to cher - ish us and fos - ter us, They all pre - fer this me - lan - cho - ly

lit - er - a - ry man. In - stead of sly - ly peer - ing at us, Cast - ing looks en - dear - ing at us,

B

Blush - ing at us, flush - ing at us— flirt - ing with a fan; They're ac - tu - al - ly sneer - ing at us,

flee - ing at us, jeer - ing at us! Pret - ty sort of treat - ment for a mil - i - ta - ry man! They're

ac - tu - al - ly sneer - ing at us, flee - ing at us, jeer - ing at us! Pret - ty sort of treat - ment for a

mil - i - ta - ry man!

f *rall.* *dim.*

SOLO. ANGELA.

Mys - tic po - et, hear our prayer, . . . Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens we—

Andantino. *p*

Young and weal - thy, dark and fair— All of coun - try fa - mi - ly.

N.B.—The wrotchats in this

star therefore should not change his heart throughout.

MAIDENS.

And we die for love of thee! Twen - ty love-sick mai-dens we! Yes, we die for love of

BUNTHORNE. *Allegro come 1mo.*

thee— Twen - ty love-sick mai-dens we! Though my book I seem to
(*Aside, slyly.*)

dim. *p stacc.*

scan In a rapt ec - sta - tic way, Like a lit - er - a - ry man Who des -

pi - ses fe - male clay; I hear plain - ly all they say, Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens

f CHORUS. DRAGOONS. OFFICERS. (To each other.)

they! He hears plain - ty all they say, Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens they!

Andantino. *p*

SOLO. SAPHIR.

Though so ex - cel - lent - ly wise, . . . For a mo - ment mor - tal be,

Deign to raise thy pur - ple eyes From thy heart - drawn po - e - sy.

Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens see - Each is kneel - ing on her knee .

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Twen - ty love - sick mai - dens see - Each is kneel - ing on her knee!

BUN. (aside.) *Allegro come 1mo.*

Though, as I re - mark'd be - fore, A - ny - one con - vinc'd would be This some

tran - scen - den - tal lore Is mo - no - po - liz - ing me, Round the cor - ner I can

H *f* CHORUS. DRAGOONS.
see Each is kneel - ing on her knee! Round the cor - ner he can see Each is kneel - ing on her

knee! Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous—and is not this pre - pos - te - rous? A tho - rough-pac'd ab -

J **MAIDENS.**
- sar - di - ty—ri - di - cu - lous—pre - pos - te - rous! Ex-plain it if you can. **In** *f*
Now

dole - - - ful train Two and two we walk all
is not this ri - di - cu - lous—and is not this pre - pos - te - rous? A thorough-paced ab - sur - di - ty— ex

day— For we love in vain! None so
- plain it if you can. In - stead of rush - ing ea - ger - ly to che - rish us and fos - ter us, They

sor - row - ful as they Who . . . can
all pre - fer this me - lan - cho - ly lit - e - ra - ry man. In - stead of sly - ly peer - ing at us,

on - - - ly sigh and say,
Cast - ing looks en - dear - ing at us, Blush - ing at us, flush - ing at us— flirt - ing with a fan; They're

Woe is me, a lack - - -

ac - tu - al - ly sneer - ing at us, flier - ing at us, jeer - ing at us! Pret - ty sort of treat - ment for a

day! Woe is me,

mil - i - ta - ry man! They're ac - tu - al - ly sneer - ing at us, flier - ing at us, jeer - ing at us!

- lack - - - a - - - day! Twen - ty love - - - sic

Pret - ty sort of treat - ment for a mil - i - ta - ry man! Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous - and

mai - - - dens we - - - And we

is not this pre - pos - te - rous? They all pre - fer this me - lan - cho - ly lit - er - a - ry man. Now

die for love of thee!

is not this ri - di - cu - lous—and is not this pre - pos - te - rous? They all pre - fer this me - lan - cho - ly,

Yes, we die for love of

me - lan - cho - ly lit - er - a - ry men. Now is not this ri - di - cu - lous—and is not this pre -

thee!

pos - ter - ous?

COL. Angela, what is the meaning of this?

ANG. Oh, sir, leave us; our minds are but ill attuned to tight love-talk.

MAJ. But what in the world has come over you all?

JANE. Bunthorne; he has come over us. He has come among us, and he has idealized us.

DUKE. Has he idealized you?

JANE. He has.

DUKE. Bravo, Bunthorne!

JANE. My eyes are open; I droop despairingly; I am soulfully intense; I am limp and I cling.

(During this BUNTHORNE is seen in all the agonies of composition. The ladies are watching him intently as he writhes. At last he hits on the word he wants and writes it down. A general sense of relief.)

BUN. Finished! At last! Finished!

(He staggers, overcome with the mental strain, into arms of COLONEL. They fan him.)

COL. Are you better now?

BUN. Yes. Oh, it's you—I beg your pardon; I am better now. The poem is finished, and my soul had gone out into it. That was all; it was nothing worth mentioning.—Dear Patience! (Holds her hand; she seems frightened.)

ANG. Will it please you read it to us, sir? (All kneel.)

SAPH. This we supplicate.

BUN. (Tenderly to PATIENCE, whom he holds by the hand.) Shall I? I will read it if you bid me!

PAT. (Much frightened.) If you like.

BUN. It is a wild, weird, fleshly thing, yet very tender, very yearning, very precious. It is called, "Oh, Hollow! Hollow! Hollow!"

PAT. Is it a hunting-song?

BUN. A hunting-song? No, it is not a hunting-song. It is the wail of the poet's heart on discovering that everything is commonplace. To understand it, cling passionately to one another and think of faint lilies! (They do so as he recites.)

OH, HOLLOW! HOLLOW! HOLLOW!

What time the poet hath hymned
The writhing maid, lithe-limbed,

Quivering on amaranthine asphodel,
How can he paint her woes,
Knowing, as well he knows,
That all can be set right with calomel?

When from the poet's plinth
The amorous colocynth
Years for the aloe, faint with rapturous thrills,
How can he hymn their throes,
Knowing, as well he knows,
That they are only uncompounded pills?

Is it, and can it be,
Nature hath this decree,
"Nothing poetic in the world shall dwell"?
Or that in all her works
Something poetic lurks,
Even in colocynth and calomel?
I cannot tell.

ANG. How purely fragrant!

SAPH. How earnestly precious!

PAT. Well, it seems to me to be nonsense.

SAPH. Nonsense, yes, but what precious nonsense!

ALL. Ah!

COL. This is all very well, but you seem to forget that you are engaged to us!

SAPH. It can never be. You are not Emyrean. You are not Della Cruscan. You are not even Early English. Oh, be Early English ere it is too late! (Officers look at each other in astonishment.)

JANE. (Looking at uniform.) Red and yellow! Primary colors! Oh, South Kensington!

DUKE. We didn't design our uniforms, but we don't see how they could be improved.

JANE. No, you wouldn't. Still, there is a cobwebby gray velvet, with a tender bloom like cold gravy, which, made Florentine fourteenth century, trimmed with Venetian leather and Spanish altar-lace, and surmounted with something Japanese—it matters not what—would at least be Early English!—Come, maidens! (Exeunt ladies, singing refrain of "In a melancholy train.")

DUKE. Gentlemen, this is an insult to the British uniform—

COL. A uniform that has been as successful in the courts of Venus as on the field of Mars!

No 5.

SONG—Colonel.

Allegro marziale.

PIANO

ff

COLONEL.

When I first put this u - ni - form on, I said, as I looked in the
I said, when I first put it on, "It is plain to the ve - ri - est

p

glass, "It's one to a mil - lion That a - ny ci - vi - lian, My fi - gure and form will sur -
dunce That e - ver - y beau - ty Will feel it her du - ty To yield to its glam - our at

- pass. Gold lace has a charm for the fair, And I've plen - ty of that, and to spare, While a
once. They will see that I'm free - ly gold - laced In a u - ni - form hand - some and chaste" - But the

lo - ver's pro - fes - sions, When ut - tered in Hes - sians, Are e - lo - quent ev - 'ry - where!" A
pe - ri - pa - te - tics Of long - haired as - the - tics, Are ve - ry much more to their taste - Which

CHORUS

fact that I count - ed up - on, When I first put this u - ni - form on! By a
 I ne - ver count - ed up - on, When I first put this u - ni - form on! }
 sim - ple co - in - ci - dence, few Could e - ver have reck - oned up - on, { The
 I
 sim - ple co - in - ci - dence, few Could e - ver have reck - oned up - on, { The
 I
 same thing occur'd to me, too, When I first put this u - ni - form on! 1st time. COLONEL. 2nd time.
 did-n't an - ti - ci - pate that, When I first put this u - ni - form on! a. I on!
 same thing occur'd to me, too, When I first put this u - ni - form on!
 did-n't an - ti - ci - pate that, When I first put this u - ni - form on!

(The Dragoons go off angrily, leaving BUNTHORNE on stage.)

(As soon as he is alone BUNTHORNE changes his manner and he comes intensely melodramatic.)

No. 6.

RECITATIVE & SONG—Bunthorne.

RECIT. BUNTHORNE.

Andante.
tr
ff
tr

Am I a - lone,

And un - ob - served? I am!

a tempo.
tr
ff
tr

RECIT.

Then let me own I'm an es - the - tic sham!

a tempo.
f

A

This air se - vere Is but a mere Ve - nec! **AND**

pp trem. *ff* *f*

This cy - nic smile Is but a wile Of guile! **AND**

ff *f*

This cos - tume chaste Is but good taste Mis - placed! **AND**

ff *dim.*

B

Let me con - fess! **A**

p *dim.* *pp*

RECTT.

languid love for lilies does *not* blight me! Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do *not* delight me! I do *not* care for dirty greens By any means. I do

p

Con Pedale.

not long for all one sees That's Japanese—I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes In stained-glass attitudes. In short, my

me - di - e - val - is - m's af - fec - ta - tion, Born of a mor - bid love of ad - mi - ra - tion!

Allegretto grazioso.

p

1. If you're anx - ious for to shine in the high ses - the - tic line As a

p stacc.

man of cul - ture rare, You must get up all the germs of the trans - cen - den - tal terms, and

plant them ev - 'ry - where. You must lie up - on the dai - sies and dis - course in no - vel phras - es of your

C

com - pli - cat - ed state of mind, The mean - ing does - n't mat - ter if it's on - ly i - dle chat - ter of a
 (2nd verse.) For Art stopped short in the cul - ti - va - ted court of the

trans - cen - den - tal kind. And ev - 'ry one will say, As you

pp sempre stacc.

walk your mys - tic way, "If this young man ex - press-es him - self in terms too deep for

me, Why what a ve - ry sing - u - lar - ly deep young man this deep young man must

Last verse rall.

be !"

1st & 2nd times. last time.

2. Be . . .

3. Then a

1 Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which have long since passed away.
And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne was Culture's palmiest day.
Of course you will pooh-pooh whatever may be fresh and new, and declare it crude and mean,
For Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine.
And every one will say,
As you walk your mystic way,
"If that's not good enough for him which is good enough for me,
Why what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth must be !"

3 Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your languid spleen, [French bean !
An attachment à la Plato for a bashful young potato, or a not-too-French
Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the high aesthetic band, [hand.
If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your mediaeval
And every one will say,
As you walk your flowery way,
"If he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit me,
Why what a most particularly pure young man this pure young man must be !"

(At the end of his song PATIENCE enters. He sees her.)

BUN. Ah! Patience, come hither. I am pleased with thee. The bitter-hearted one, who finds all else hollow, is pleased with thee. For you are not hollow. Are you?

PAT. No, thank you, I have dined. I beg your pardon—I interrupt you.

BUN. Life is made up of interruptions. The tortured soul, yearning for solitude, writhes under them. Oh, but my heart is a-weary! Oh, I am a cursed thing! Don't go.

PAT. Really, I'm very sorry—

BUN. Tell me, girl, do you ever yearn?

PAT. (Misunderstanding him.) I earn my living.

BUN. (Impatiently.) No, no! Do you know what it is to be heart-hungry? Do you know what it is to yearn for the Indefinable, and yet to be brought face to face daily with the multiplication-table? Do you know what it is to seek oceans, and to find puddles?—to long for whirlwinds, and to have to do the best you can with the bellows? That's my case. Oh, I am a cursed thing!

PAT. If you please, I don't understand you; you frighten me.

BUN. Don't be frightened; it's only poetry.

PAT. If that's poetry, I don't like poetry.

BUN. (Eagerly.) Don't you?—(Aside.) Can I trust her?—(Aloud.) Patience, you don't like poetry. Well, between you and me, I don't like poetry. Its hollow, unsubstantial, unsatisfactory. What's the use of yearning for Elysian Fields when you know you can't get 'em, and would only let 'em out on building leases when you had 'em?

PAT. Sir, I—

BUN. Don't go. Patience, I have long loved you. Let me tell you a secret. I am not as bilious as I look. If you like I will cut my hair. There is more innocent fun within me than a casual spectator would imagine. You have never seen me frolicsome. Be a good girl—a very good girl—and you shall.

PAT. Sir, I will speak plainly. In the matter of love I am untaught; I have never loved but my great-aunt. But I am quite certain that, under any circumstances, I couldn't possibly love you.

BUN. Oh, you think not?

PAT. I'm quite sure of it—quite sure—quite.

BUN. (Releasing her.) Very good. Life is henceforth a blank. I have only to ask that you will not abuse my confidence: though you despise me, I am extremely popular with the other young women.

PAT. I only ask that you will leave me and never renew the subject.

BUN. Certainly. Broken-hearted and desolate, I go. What is to become of me? (Recites.)

Oh to be wafted away,
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,
Where the dust of an earthy to-day
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow!

It is a little thing of my own. I call it "Heart-Foam." I shall not publish it. Farewell!

[Exit BUNTHORNE.]

PAT. What does it all mean? Why does he love me? Why does he expect me to love him? He's not a relation! It frightens me!

Enter ANGELA.

ANG. Why, Patience, what is the matter?

PAT. Lady Angela, tell me two things. Firstly, what on earth is this love that upsets everybody? and secondly, how is it to be distinguished from insanity?

ANG. Poor blind child! Oh forgive her, Eros! Why, love is of all passions the most essential! It is the embodiment of purity, the abstraction of refinement, the idealization of utter unselfishness!

PAT. Love is?

ANG. Yes.

PAT. Dear me! Go on.

ANG. True love refines, purifies, elevates, exalts, and chastens. It is the one romantic feature in this chaos of materialism, it is the one unselfish emotion in this whirlpool of grasping greed!

PAT. Oh dear! oh! (Beginning to cry.)

ANG. Why are you crying?

PAT. To think that I have lived all these years without having experienced this ennobling and unselfish passion! Why, what a wicked girl I must be! For it is unselfish, isn't it?

ANG. Absolutely. Love that is tainted with selfishness is no love. Oh try, try, try to love! It really isn't difficult if you give your whole mind to it.

PAT. I'll set about it at once. I won't go to bed until I'm head over ears in love with somebody.

ANG. Noble girl! But is it possible that you have never loved anybody?

PAT. Only my great-aunt.

ANG. Your great-aunt don't count.

PAT. Then there's nobody. At least— No, nobody. Not since I was a baby. But that don't count.

ANG. I don't know; tell me all about it.

No. 7

DUET—Patience & Angela.

PATIENCE.

Allegretto moderato. Long years a - go, four - teen, may - be, When but a ti - ny babe of

FLA NO.

four, An - o - ther ba - by play'd with me, My el - der by a year or more. A

A lit - tle child of beau - ty rare, With mar - v'lous eyes and won - drous hair, Who,

p *cres.*

in my child - eyes, seem'd to me All that a lit - tle child should be!

p *mf*

B Ah, how we lov'd, that child and I, How pure our ba - by joy! How

dim. *p*

true our love— and, by the bye, He was a lit - tle boy!

ANGELA.
Ah,

old, old tale of Cupid's touch! I thought as much— I thought as much! He was . . . a lit-tle

stacc.

PATIENCE

Pray don't mis - con - stree what I say— Re - mem - ber, pray— re -

boy!

stacc.

mem-ber, pray, He was a lit - tle boy!

No doubt, yet spite of all your pains, The

Ah,
in - ter - est - ing fact re - mains— He was a lit - tle boy! No

p

E
yes, . . in spite of all my pains, The in - ter - est - ing fact re - mains— He
doubt, yet spite of all your pains, The in - ter - est - ing fact re - mains— He

E
f dim. p

was a lit - tle boy! He was a lit - tle boy!
was a lit - tle boy! He was a lit - tle boy!

f

dim.

(2d verse.) Time fled, and one unhappy day—
 The first I'd ever known—
 They took my little friend away,
 And left me all alone.
 Ah, how I sobbed! and how I cried!
 Then I fell ill and nearly died;
 And even now I weep apace
 When I recall that baby face!
 We had one hope—one heart—one will—
 One life, in one employ;
 And, though it's immaterial, still
 He was a little boy!

ANG. Ah, old, old tale of Cupid's touch, etc.
 PAT. Pray, don't misconstrue what I say, etc.
 ANG. No doubt, yet, spite of all your pains, etc.
 PAT. Ah, yes, in spite of all my pains, etc.
 (At end of Duet exit ANGELA.)

PAT. It's perfectly appalling to think of the dreadful state I must be in! I had no idea that love was a duty. No wonder they all look so unhappy. Upon my word, I hardly like to associate with myself. I don't think I'm respectable. I'll go at once and fall in love with— (Enter GROSVENOR.) A stranger!

No. 8.

DUET—Patience & Grosvenor.

GROSVENOR.

Allegretto.

PRI-tee, pret-ty mai - den— pri-tee tell me true, (Hey but I'm dole - ful,

wil - low wil - low wa - ly!) Have you e'er a lo - ver a - danging af - ter you? Hey wil - low wa - ly O!

rall. PATIENCE.

I would fain dis - co - ver If you have a lo - ver! Hey wil - low wa - ly O! Gen - tle sir, my heart is
rall. *a tempo.*

PIANO.

mf *dim.* *p*

fro-lic-some and free— (Hey but he's dole-ful, wil-low wil-low wa-ly!) No-bo-dy I care for comes a-court-ing me—

Hey wil-low wa-ly O! No-bo-dy I care for Comes a-court-ing—there-fore, Hey wil-low

GROSVENOR.
wa-ly O! Pri-thee, pret-ty mai-den, will you mar-ry me? (Hey but I'm hope-ful, wil-low willow wa-ly!)

I may say, at once, I'm a man of pro-per-tee— Hey wil-low wa-ly O! Mo-ney, I des-pise it, But

ma-ny peo-ple prize it, Hey wil-low wa-ly O! Gen-tle sir, al-though to mar-ry I de-sign—

(Hey but he's hope - ful— wil-low wil-low wa - ly!) As yet I do not know you, and so I must de-cline, Hey wil - low
wa - ly O! To o-ther maidens go you—As yet I do not know you, Hey wil - low wa - ly O!
GROSVENOR. rall.
Hey wil - low wa - ly O!

GROS. Patience! Can it be that you don't recognize me?

PAT. Recognize you? No, indeed I don't!

GROS. Have fifteen years so greatly changed me?

PAT. Fifteen years? What do you mean?

GROS. Have you forgotten the friend of your youth, your Archibald, your little playfellow? Oh, Chronos, Chronos! this is too bad of you!

PAT. Archibald! Is it possible? Why, let me look! It is! It is! It must be! Oh, how happy I am! I thought we should never meet again! And how you've grown!

GROS. Yes, Patience, I am much taller and much stouter than I was.

PAT. And how you've improved!

GROS. Yes, Patience, I am very beautiful! (*Sighs.*)

PAT. But surely *that* don't make you unhappy?

GROS. Yes, Patience. Gifted as I am with a beauty which probably has not its rival on earth, I am, nevertheless, utterly and completely miserable.

PAT. Oh, but why?

GROS. My child-love for you has never faded. Conceive, then, the horror of my situation when I tell you that it is my hideous destiny to be madly loved by every woman who sets eyes on me!

PAT. But why do you make yourself so picturesque? Why not disguise yourself, disfigure yourself—anything to escape this persecution?

GROS. No, Patience, that may not be. These gifts, irksome as they are, were given to me for the enjoyment and delectation of my fellow-creatures. I am a trustee for beauty, and it is my duty to see that the conditions of my trust are faithfully discharged.

PAT. And you too are a poet.

GROS. Yes, I am the Apostle of Simplicity. I am called "Archibald the All Right"—for I am infallible.

PAT. And is it possible that you condescend to love such a girl as I?

GROS. Yes, Patience; is it not strange? I have loved you with a Florentine fourteenth-century frenzy for full fifteen years!

PAT. Oh! marvellous! I have hitherto been deaf to the voice of love—I seem now to know what love is. It has been revealed to me: it is Archibald Grosvenor.

GROS. Yes, Patience, it is! (*Embrace.*)

PAT. (*As in a trance.*) We will never, never part!

GROS. We will live and die together!

PAT. I swear it!

GROS. We both swear it! (*Embrace.*)

PAT. (*Recoiling from him.*) But— Oh horror!

GROS. What's the matter?

PAT. Why, you are perfection! A source of endless ecstasy to all who know you!

GROS. I know I am. Well?

PAT. Then, bless my heart! there can be nothing unselfish in loving you!

GROS. Merciful powers! I never thought of that.

PAT. To monopolize those features on which all women love to linger!

GROS. Too true! Oh, fatal perfection! again you interpose between me and my happiness!

PAT. Oh, if you were but a thought less beautiful than you are!

GROS. Would that I were! but candor compels me to admit that I'm not.

PAT. Our duty is clear; we must part, and for ever!

GROS. Oh, misery! And yet I cannot question the propriety of your decision. Farewell, Patience!

PAT. Farewell, Archibald! But stay!

GROS. Yes, Patience?

PAT. Although I may not love you—for you are perfect—there is nothing to prevent your loving me. I am plain, homely, unattractive.

GROS. Why, that's true.

PAT. The love of such a man as you for such a girl as I must be unselfish!

GROS. Unselfishness itself!

(*Exeunt despairingly in opposite directions.*)

(Enter BUNTHORNE, crowned with roses and hung about with garlands, and looking very miserable. He is led by ANGELA and SAPHIR (each of whom holds an end of the rose-garland by which he is bound), and followed by a procession of maidens. They are dancing classically, and playing on slymbals, double pipes, and other archaic instruments.)

FINALE—ACT I.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system includes a tempo marking "Allegretto moderato." and a dynamic marking "p". The second system has a dynamic marking "p". The third system has a dynamic marking "p". The fourth system has a dynamic marking "p". The fifth system has a dynamic marking "p" and a fermata over the final measure.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Let the mer-ry cym-bals sound, . . . Gai - lypipe Pan-dæ-an plea - sure,

cre - scen - do.

With a Daph-ne-phor-ic bound . . . Tread a gay but clas-sic mea - - - sure,

Tread a gay but clas-sic mea - sure. Ev - 'ry heart with hope is

B

beat - ing, For at this ex - ci - ting meet - ing Fic - kle For - tune will de -

- cide Who shall be our Bun - thorne's bride! Ev - 'ry heart with hope is

sempre cre - scen - do.

beat - ing, For at this ex - ci - ting meet - ing Fic - - kle For - tune will de -

- cide Who shall be our Bun - thorne's bride! Let the mer - ry cym - bals sound, . .

Gal - ly pipe Pan - de - an plea - sure, With a Daph - ne - phor - ic bound . .

Tread a gay but clas - sic, clas - sic mea - sure, Tread a gay but clas - sic, clas - sic mea - sure, A

clas - sic mea - sure. . . .

(Enter DRAGOONS, led by COLONEL, MAJOR, and DUKE. They are surprised at proceedings.)

Allegro alla marcia.

DUKE, COL., and MAJ.—CHORUS OF DRAGOONS.
TENORS and BASSES. *Unis.*

Now tell us, we pray you, Why

scen do. . . . *mf*

thus you ar - ray you—Oh po - et, how say you—What is it you've done? Now tell us, we pray you, Why

thus you ar - ray you—Oh po - et, how say you—What is it you've done? Oh po - et, how say you—What

E SOLO. DUKE.

is it you've done? *E* Of rite sa - cri - fi - cial, By sen - tence ju - di - cial, This seems the in - i - tial, Then

SOLO. COLONEL.

why don't you run? They can - not have led you To hang or be - head you, Nor may they all wed you, Un -

CHORUS.

- for - tu - nate one! Then tell us, we pray you, Why thus they ar - ray you—Oh po - et, how say you—What

RECIT. BUNTHORNE.

is it you've done?

Heart-bro-ken at my Pa-tien-ce's bar-ba - ri - ty, By the ad-vice of my so -

- li - ci - tor, In aid— in aid of a de-serv-ing cha - ri - ty, I've put my-self up to be raf - fled for!

G CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

CHORUS OF DRAGONS.

By the ad - vice of his so - li - ci - tor He's put him - self up to be raf - fled for! Oh,

hor - ror! urged by his so - li - ci - tor, He's put him - self up to be raf - fled for! Oh

hea - ven's bless - ing on his so - li - ci - tor! Oh

A hid - eous curse on his so - li - ci - tor!

hea - ven's bless - ing on his so - li - ci - tor!

A hid - eous curse on his so - li - ci - tor!

rall.

A bless - ing on his so - li - ci - tor!

A curse, a curse on his so - li - ci - tor!

pp *f*

SOLO. COLONEL.

Allegro.

Stay, . . . we im - plore you, Be - fore our hopes are blight - ed! You see be -

fore you The men to whom you're plight - ed!

CHORUS. TENORS.

Stay, . . . we im - plore you,

BASS.

Stay, we im - plore you,

For . . . we a - dore you; To us you're plight - ed To be u -

For we a - dore you; To us you're plight - ed To - be u -

cre *scen*

ni - ted— Stay, we im - plore you, we im - plore you !
 ni - ted— Stay, we im - plore you, we im - plore you !

do.

SOLO. DUKE.

Your mai - den hearts, ah, do not steel To pi - ty's e - lo - quent ap - peal, Such

Andante con tenerezza.

p

(aside. They all sigh.)

con - duct Bri - tish sol - diers feel. (Sigh, sigh, all sigh !) To foeman's steel we rare - ly see A

f *p*

(aside. They all kneel.)

Bri - tish sol - dier bend the knees, Yet, one and all, they kneel to ye— (Kneel, kneel, all kneel !) Our

f

sol-diers ve ry sel-dom cry, And yet—I need not tell you why— A tear-drop dews each mar-tial eye! . . .

p

(aside. They all weep.)

(Weep, weep, all weep!)

CHORUS OF MAIDENS. *cres.*

CHORUS OF DRAGOONS. *cres.*

Our sol - diers ve - ry sel - dom cry And

We sol - diers ve - ry sel - dom cry And

cres.

A tear - drop dews each man - ly eye! . . .

yet— they need not tell us why—

yet— we need not tell you why—

A tear dews each eye! . . .

p

Weep, weep, all weep!
 Weep, weep, all weep!
 mar - ti - al eye!
 BUNTHORNE (*who has been impatient during this appeal*)
Allegro vivace.
pp *p stacc.*

SOLO. BUNTHORNE.

Come walk up, and pur - chase with a - vi - di - ty, O - ver - come your dif - fi - dence and

na - ta - ral ti - mi - di - ty, Tic - kets for the raf - fle should be pur - chased with a - vi - di - ty,

Put in half a gui - nea and a hus - band you may gain— Such a judge of blue - and - white, and

o - ther kinds of pot - te - ry— From ear - ly O ri - en - tal, down to mo - dern ter - ra - cot - ta - ry—

Put in half a gui - nea— you may draw him in a lot - te - ry— Such an op - por - tu - ni - ty may

K CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

not oc - cur a - gain. Such a judge of blue - and - white, and o - ther kinds of pot - te - ry— From
K
piu f

ear - ly O - ri - en - tal, down to mo - dern ter - ra - cot - ta - ry. Put in half a gui - nea— you may

draw him a a lot - te - ry— Such an op - por - tu - ni - ty may not oc - cur a - gain.

(Maidens crowd up to purchase tickets. During this Dragons dance in single file round stage to express their indifference.)

CHORUS OF DRAGOONS. BASSES AND TENORS.

Vivace. *f* We've been thrown o - ver, we're a - ware, But we don't care— But

(During this the girls have been buying tickets. At last JANE presents herself. BUNTHORNE looks at her with aversion.)

we don't care! There's fish in the sea, no doubt of it, As good as e - ver came out of it,

And some day we shall get our share,

So we don't care— so we don't care!

RECIT. BUNTHORNE.

JANE. (Surprised.)

And are you go - ing a tic - ket for to buy? Most cer - tain - ly I am;

Musical score for RECIT. BUNTHORNE and JANE. (Surprised.). The vocal line for Bunthorne is in treble clef with a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a common time signature. The lyrics are: "And are you go - ing a tic - ket for to buy? Most cer - tain - ly I am;"

BUNTHORNE. (Aside.)

(Aloud.)

why should not I? Oh, For - tune, this is hard! Blind - fold your eyes;

A tempo moderato.

Musical score for BUNTHORNE. (Aside.) and (Aloud.). The vocal line is in treble clef with a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a common time signature. The lyrics are: "why should not I? Oh, For - tune, this is hard! Blind - fold your eyes;". The tempo marking is *A tempo moderato.*

CHORUS OF MAIDENS. (Girls blindfold themselves.)

Two min - utes will de - cide who wins the prize! Oh, For - tune, to my ach - ing heart be

Andante affetuoso.

Musical score for CHORUS OF MAIDENS. (Girls blindfold themselves.). The vocal line is in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Two min - utes will de - cide who wins the prize! Oh, For - tune, to my ach - ing heart be". The tempo marking is *Andante affetuoso.*

kind;

Like us,

thou art blind - fold - ed, but not blind!

Musical score for the chorus continuation. The vocal line is in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "kind; Like us, thou art blind - fold - ed, but not blind!"

(Each uncovers one eye.)

Just raise your ban - dage, thus,

that you may see,

And give the prize,

and give the

Musical score for the chorus continuation. The vocal line is in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Just raise your ban - dage, thus, that you may see, And give the prize, and give the"

O (They cover their eyes again.)

prize . . . to me!

BUNTHORNE. JANE. (Joyfully.)

Come, La - dy Jane, I pray you draw the first! He loves me best!

BUNTHORNE. (Aside.) RECIT. PATIENCE.

I want to know the worst! Hold! stay your hand!

Allegro. vivace. *a tempo.*

CHORUS OF MAIDENS. (Uncovering their eyes.)

What means this in - ter - fer - ence? Of this bold girl I

CHORUS OF DRAGOONS.

What means this in - ter - fer - ence? Of this bold girl I

JANE.

prayer you make a clear - ance!

A - way with you, a - way with you, and to your

prayer you make a clear - ance!

BUN. (*Suddenly.*)

PATIENCE, kneeling to BUNTHORNE.

milk - pails go She wants a tic - ket! Take a doz - en! No! If

p *cres.* *f*

there be par - don in your breast For this poor pen - i - tent, Who, with re - morse - ful

R *R* *p*

thought op - prest, Sin - cere - ly doth re - pent. If you, with one so low - ly, still De -

- sis to be al - lied, Then you may take me, if you will, For I will be your

ad lib.

8

bride!

f CHORUS.

Oh shame - less one! Oh bold - faced thing! A - way you run— Go, take your

Oh shame - less one! Oh bold - faced thing! A - way you run— Go, take your

wing, Ah, Go, take your

Oh, shame - less one, Oh, bold - faced thing!

wing, Ah, A - way you run— Go, take your

wing, You shame - less one! You bold - faced thing! How

wing, You shame - less one! You bold - faced thing!

p

BUNTHORNE.

T
 strong is love! For many and many a week, She's lov'd me

fond - ly and has feared to speak, But Na - ture, for re - straint too

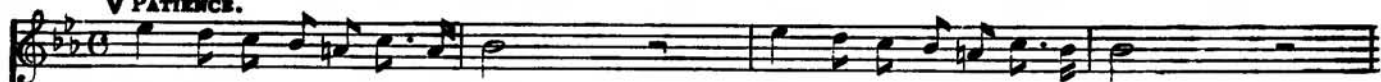
U *ad lib.*
 migh - - ty far, Has burst the bonds of Art— And here we

RECIT. PATIENCE.
 are! No, Mis - ter Bun - thorne, no— you're wrong a - gain, Pe -

mit me— I'll en - dea - vour to ex - plain!

Clar. Solo.

V PATIENCE.



True love must sin - gle - heart - ed be— From ev - 'ry sel - fish fan - cy free—

BUNTHORNE.

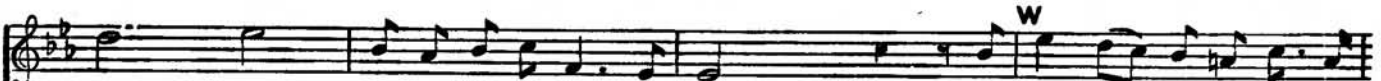


Ex - act - ly so! Ex - act - ly so!

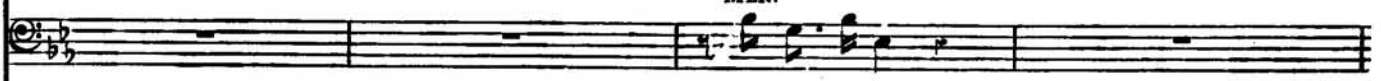
V Andante.



No i - dle thought of gain or joy, A mai - den's fan - cy should em - ploy— True love must be with - out al -



loy, True love must be with - out al - loy. MEN. Im - pos - ture to con - tempt must



Ex - act - ly so!



lead— COLONEL. Blind va - ni - ty's dis - sen - sion's seed— MAJOR. R

Ex - act - ly so— Ex - act - ly so—

(indicating BUNTHORNE)

fol - lows then, a mai - den who De - votes her - self to lov - ing you Is

promp - ted by no sel - fish view! Is promp - ted by no sel - fish view! MEN.

Ex - act - ly so—

cres. *dim.* *p*

Y SAPH. (Taking BUNTHORNE aside.) ANGELA. BUN. (Embraces PATIENCE.)

Are you re - solv'd to wed this shame - less one? Is there no chance for a - ny o - ther? None!

Y

pp

(ANGELA, SAPHIR, and ELLA take COLONEL, DUKE, and MAJOR down, while girls gaze fondly at other Officers.)

Andante con moto.

71

p

A

ELLA.

I hear the soft note of the echo - - ing voice Of an SAPHIR.

I hear the soft note of the echo - - ing voice Of an ANGELA.

I hear the soft note of the e - cho - ing voice Of an DUKE.

I hear the soft note of the echo - - ing voice Of an MAJOR.

I hear the soft note of the echo - - ing voice Of an COLONEL.

I hear the soft note of the e - cho - ing voice Of an

A

cres.

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

cres.

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

cres.

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

cres.

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

cres.

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

cres.

old old love, long dead— It whis - pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"—For the last sad tear is

pp

shed— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but

shed— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but

shed— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but

shed— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but

shed— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but

shed— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but

shed— The pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but

pain, And ne - ver, oh ne - ver, this heart will range From that old old love a -

pain, And ne - ver, oh ne - ver, this heart will range From that old old love a -

pain, And ne - ver, oh ne - ver, this heart will range From that old old love a -

pain, And ne - ver, oh ne - ver, this heart will range From that old old love a -

pain, And ne - ver, oh ne - ver, this heart will range From that old old love a -

pain, And ne - ver, oh ne - ver, this heart will range From that old old love a -

pain, And ne - ver, oh ne - ver, this heart will range From that old old love a -

- gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And
 - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And
 - gain! CHORUS. Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And
 Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And
 Yes, the pain that is all but a plea - sure will change For the plea - sure that's all but pain, And

ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain!
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain!
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain!
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain! Oh
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain!
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver this heart will range From that old old love a - gain!
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh
 ne - ver, oh ne - ver our hearts will range From that old old love a - gain! Oh ne - ver, oh

(As the Dragoons and Girls are embracing enter GROSVENOR, reading. He takes no notice of them, but comes slowly down, still reading. The girls are all strangely fascinated by him, and gradually withdraw from Hussars.)

Piano introduction in D major, marked 'p'. The music consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment of chords and moving lines.

E ANGELA.

But who is this, whose god-like grace Pro-claims he

Vocal line for Angela in treble clef, starting with a whole note 'E' and followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef.

comes of noble race? And who is this whose man-ly face Bears sor-row's

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with eighth notes in the bass clef.

in-ter-est-ing trace?

CHORUS.

Yes, who is this, whose god-like grace Pro-claims he

Yes, who is this, whose god-like grace Pro-claims he

Chorus section with two vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked 'p' and features a steady accompaniment.

Piano accompaniment for the end of the chorus, continuing the harmonic structure from the previous section.

F RECIT. GROSVENOR.

comes of no - ble race? I am a bro - ken - heart - ed

comes of no - ble race?

F

pp

trou - ba - dour, Whose mind's aes - the - tic and whose tastes are pure!

fz

RECIT. ANGELA. GROSVENOR.

Vivace. 'Aes - the - tic! He is aes - the - tic! 'Yes,

a tempo.

f *dim.* *p*

a tempo. MAIDENS.

yes— I am aes - the - tic And po - e - tic! Then, we

love you!

H

(The girls leave Dragoons, and group, kneeling, around GROSVENOR. Fury of BUNTHORNE, who recognizes a rival.)

H a tempo.

f

DRAGOONS.

They love him! Hor - ror!

p

PATIENCE AND BUNTHORNE. **GROSVENOR.**

They love him! Hor - ror! They love me!

cres.

Hor - ror! Hor - ror Hor - ror!

f *cres. . . . molto.*

PATIENCE.



List, Re - gi-nald, while I con-fess A love that's all un - sel - fish-ness, That

ELLA.



Oh list while we a love con-fess That words im-per - fect - ly ex-press, Those

SAPHIR.



Oh list while we a love con-fess That words im-per - fect - ly ex-press, Those

ANGELA.



Oh list while we a love con-fess That words im-per - fect - ly ex-press, Those

JANE.

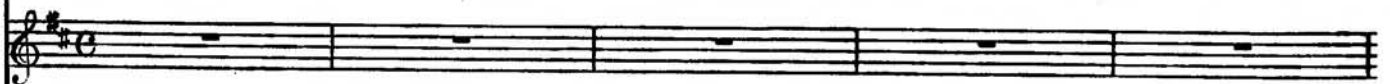
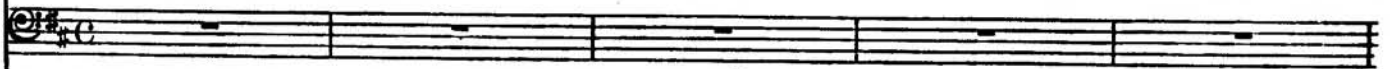


Oh list while we a love con-fess That words im-per - fect - ly ex-press, Those

DUKE.



My jea - lous - y I can't ex-press, Their love they o - pen - ly con-fess; His



CHORUS. SOPRANOS AND CONTRALTOS.



Oh list while we a love con - - - fess That

TENORS AND BASSES.



Oh list while they a love con - - - fess That

Allegretto agitato.



it's un - sel - fish, good - ness knows, You won't dis - pute it, I . . . sup - pose.

shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes !

shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes !

shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes !

shell - like ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes !

shell - like ear he does not close To their re - ci - tal of their woes !

COLONEL & MAJOR.

My jea - lous - y I

BUNTHORNE. My jea - lous - y I
GROSVENOR. A - gain my curs - ed

words im - per - fect - ly ex - - press ! Yes, those shell - like ears, ah,

words im - per - fect - ly ex - - press ! Yes, his shell - like ears he

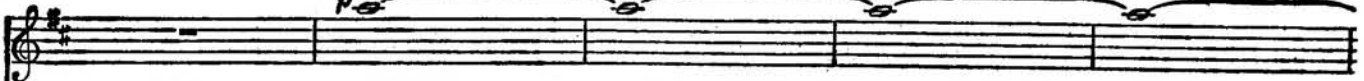
can't ex - press, Their love they o - pen - ly con - fess! Their love they o - pen - ly con - fess, con -

can't ex - press, Their love they o - pen - ly con - fess! Their love they o - pen - ly con - fess, con -
come - li - ness Spreads hope - less an - guish and dis - tress, Spreads hope - less an - guish and dis - tress, dis -

do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes, its

does not close To their re - ci - tal of their woes! To their re - ci - tal of their woes, their

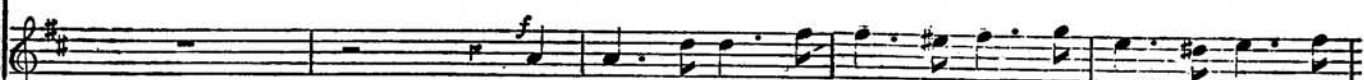
p *K* *cres.*



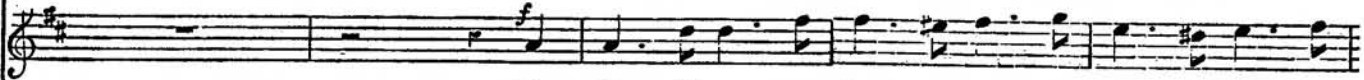
Ah!



Oh list while we our love con-fess That words im-per-fect-



Oh list while we our love con-fess That words im-per-fect-

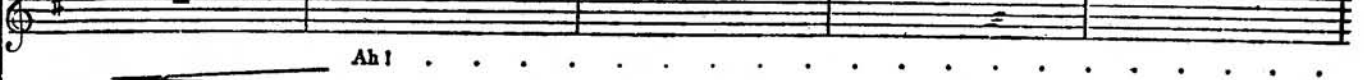


Oh list while we our love con-fess That words im-per-fect-



Oh list while we our love con-fess That words im-per-fect-

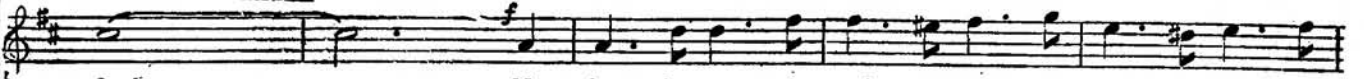
p *K* *cres.*



Ah!



- fess! My jea-lous-y I can't ex-press, Their love they o-pen-



- fess! My jea-lous-y I - can't ex-press, Their love they o-pen-
- tress! A - gain my curs - ed come - li - ness Spreads hope - less an - guish

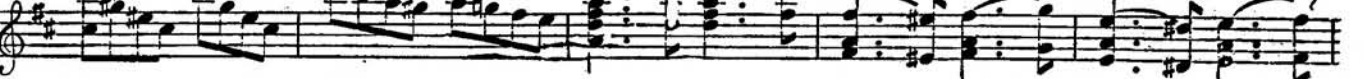


woes! Oh list while we a love con-fess That words im-per-fect-



woes! Oh list while they a love con-fess That words im-per-fect-

K *8va.*



And I shall love you, I shall love. Your ears, ah, do not close! Thy shell - like

ly ex - press. Thy shell - like ears, ah, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like

ly ex - press. Thy shell - like ears, ah, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like

ly ex - press. Thy shell - like ears, ah, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like

ly ex - press. Thy shell - like ears, ah, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like

His shell - like ears he does not close To love's dis - tract - ing woes! His shell - like

ly con - fess. His shell - like ears he does not close To love's dis - tract - ing woes! Now is not this ri -

ly con - fess. His shell - like ears he does not close To love's dis - tract - ing woes! { His } shell - like
and dis - tress; Thine ears, oh For - tune, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing woes! { My }

ly ex - press. Those shell - like ears, ah, do not close To love's dis - tract - ing woes! Those shell - like

ly ex - press. His shell - like ears He does not close To love's dis - tract - ing woes! Now is not this ri -

ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like ears, ah, do not

ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like ears, ah, do not

ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like ears, ah, do not

ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like ears, ah, do not

ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! Thy shell - like ears, ah, do not

ears he does not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! His shell - like ears he does not

- di-cu-lous, and is not this pre-posterous? A thoro'-pac'd ab - sur-di - ty, explain it if you can! Now is not this ri - di-cu-lous, and is not this pre -

ears he does not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! His shell - like ears he does not

ears I can - not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! My shell - like ears I can - not

ears, ah, do not close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! Those shell - like ears, ah, do not

- di-cu-lous, and is not this pre-posterous? A thoro'-pac'd ab - sur-di - ty, explain it if you can! Now is not this ri - di-cu-lous, and is not this pre -

close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woes! love's woes!

close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woes! love's woes!

close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woes! love's woes!

close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woes! love's woes!

close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woes! love's woes!

close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woes! love's woes!

close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woes! love's woes!

- pos-terous? A thorough-pac'd ab-sur-di-ty, explain it if you can, ex - plain, ex - plain it if you can, you can.

close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woes! love's woes!

close To blight - ed love's dis - tract - ing woes! To love's, to love's dis - tract - ing woes! love's woes!

- pos-terous? A thorough-pac'd ab-sur-di-ty, explain it if you can, ex - plain, ex - plain it if you can, you can.

f

End of Act I

ACT II.

SCENE.—A *glade*. A small sheet of water, C. Jane is discovered leaning on a huge double bass, upon which she presently accompanies herself.

JANE. The fickle crew have deserted Reginald and transferred their allegiance to his rival, and all, forsooth! because he has glanced with passing favor on a puling milkmaid! Fools! Of that fancy he will soon weary, and then I, who alone am faithful to him, shall reap my reward. But do not dally too long, Reginald, for I am ripe, Reginald, and already I am decaying. Better secure me ere I have gone too far!

No. 1.

ACT II. RECITATIVE & SONG—Jane

Moderato.

PIANO.

RECIT. JANE.

Sad is that woman's lot who, year by year, Sees, one by one, her beauties dis - ap - pear ;

When Time, grown weary of her heart-drawn sighs, Im - pa - tient - ly be - gins to "dim her eyes!"

Compelled at last, in life's un - cer - tain gloam - ings, To wreathe her wrin - kled brow with well saved

'combing,' Re-duced, with rouge, lip-salve, and pear-ly grey, To "make up" for lost

time, as best she may!

Andante moderato.

R.H.

Sil-ver'd is the ra-ven hair— Spread-ing is the part-ing straight, Mot-tled the com-plex-ion fair,

Halt - is the youth-ful gait. Hol-low is the laugh-ter free, Spec-ta-cled the lim-pid eye,

rall.

rall.

a tempo.

Lit-tle will be left of me, In the com-ing bye and bye! Lit-tle will be left of me, In the

com - ing bye and bye!

Fad - ing is the ta - per waist— Shape - less grows the shape - ly limb, And al - though se - cure - ly laced,

Spread - ing is the fi - gure trim! Stout - er than I used to be, Still more cor - pu - lent grow I—

a tempo. There will be too much of me In the com - ing bye and bye! *f* *appassionata.* *ff* There will be too much of me In the

com - ing bye and bye! *(She shoulders her double bass, and exit L.)*

(Enter GROSVENOR, followed by maidens, two and two, each playing on an archaic instrument, as in Act I. He is reading abstractedly, as BUNTHORNE did in Act I, and pays no attention to them. He sits R. C.)

No. 2.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS

Andante.

PIANO.

MAIDENS.

Turn, oh turn in this di - rec - tion, Shed, oh shed a gen - tle smile; With a glance of sad per -

- fec - tion, Our poor faint - ing hearts be - guile! On such eyes as mai - dens che - rish Let thy

fond a - do - rers gaze, Or in - con - ti - nent - ly per - ish, In their all - con - sum - ing

rays! Or in - con - ti - nent - ly per - ish, In their all - con - sum - ing rays!

dim.

f

dim.

p

dim.

pp

(He sits; they group around him.)

GROS. (*Aside.*) The old, old tale! How rapturously these word in that decalet which is calculated to bring the blush of maidens love me, and how hopelessly! Oh, Patience, Patience! shame to the cheek of modesty. with the love of thee in my heart what have I for these poor mad maidens but an unvalued pity? Alas! they will die of ANG. Not one; it is purity itself. hopeless love for me, as I shall die of hopeless love for thee! GROS. Here's another.

ANG. Sir, will it please you to read to us? (*Kneels.*)
GROS. (*Sighing.*) Yes, child, if you will. What shall I read?

ANG. One of your own poems.
GROS. One of my own poems? Better not, my child. *They* will not cure thee of thy love.

ELLA. Mr. Bunthorne used to read us a poem of his own every day.

SAPH. And, to do him justice, he read them extremely well.
GROS. Oh, did he so? Well, who am I that I should take upon myself to withhold my gifts from you? What am I but a trustee? Here is a decalet—a pure and simple thing, a very daisy; a babe might understand it. To appreciate it, it is not necessary to think of anything at all!

ANG. Let us think of nothing at all,

GROSVENOR recites.

Gentle Jane was as good as gold;
She always did as she was told;
She never spoke when her mouth was full,
Or caught blue-bottles their legs to pull,
Or spilt plum jam on her nice new frock,
Or put white mice in the eight-day clock,
Or vivisected her last new doll,
Or fostered a passion for alcohol;
And when she grew up she was given in marriage
To a first-class earl who keeps his carriage.

GROS. I believe I am right in saying that there is not one

Teasing Tom was a very bad boy;
A great big squirt was his favorite toy;
He put live shrimps in his father's boots,
And sewed up the sleeves of his Sunday suits;
He punched his poor little sisters' heads,
And cayenne-peppered their four-post beds;
He plastered their hair with cobbler's wax,
And dropped hot halfpennies down their backs.

The consequence was he was lost totally,
And married a girl in the *corps de bally!*

ANG. Marked you how grandly, how relentlessly, the damning catalogue of crime strode on, till Retribution, like a poised hawk, came swooping down upon the Wrong-doer? Oh, it was terrible!

GROS. (*Aside.*) This is simply cloying.—(*Aloud.*) Ladies, I am sorry to appear ungallant, but you have been following me about ever since Monday, and this is Saturday. I should like the usual half-holiday, and if you will kindly allow me to close early to-day, I shall take it as a personal favor.

ELLA. Sir, you are indeed a poet, for you touch our hearts and they go out to you.

GROS. (*Aside.*) Poor, poor girls!—(*Aloud.*) It is best to speak plainly. I know that I am loved by you, but I never can love you in return, for my heart is fixed elsewhere! Remember the fable of the Magnet and the Churn!

ANG. (*Wildly.*) But we don't know the fable of the Magnet and the Churn!

GROS. Don't you? Then I will sing it to you.

SONG—The Magnet and Churn.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *ff*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamics are 'ff'.

GROSVENOR.

A mag - net hung in a hard - ware shop, And all a - round was a lov - ing crop Of

p

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'A mag - net hung in a hard - ware shop, And all a - round was a lov - ing crop Of'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'p'.

scis - sors and nec - dles, nails and knives, Of - fer - ing love for all their lives;

mf

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'scis - sors and nec - dles, nails and knives, Of - fer - ing love for all their lives;'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'mf'.

But for i - ron the mag - net felt no whim, Tho' he

p *mf* *p*

The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'But for i - ron the mag - net felt no whim, Tho' he'. The piano accompaniment has dynamic markings 'p', 'mf', and 'p'.

charm - ed i - ron, it charmed not him, From nec - dles and nails and knives he'd turn, For he'd set his love

cre - scen - do.

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics 'charm - ed i - ron, it charmed not him, From nec - dles and nails and knives he'd turn, For he'd set his love'. The piano accompaniment ends with a 'cre - scen - do' marking.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS. GROSVENOR.

on a Sil - ver Churn! A Sil - ver Churn! A Sil - ver Churn!

His most ses - the - tic, Ve - ry mag - ne - tic Fan - cy took this turn— "If

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

I can whee - dle A knife or a nee - dle, Why not a Sil - ver Churn?" His most ses - the - tic,

Ve - ry mag - ne - tic Fan - cy took this turn— "If I can whee - dle A knife or nee - dle,

Why not a Sil - ver Churn?"

ff

GROSVENOR.

And I - ron and Steel ex - press'd sur - prise, The nec - dles o - pen'd their

well - drill'd eyes, The pen - knives felt "shut up," no doubt, The scis-sors de - clar'd them - selves "cut out,"

The ket-tles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,

While ev 'ry nail went off its head, And hi-ther and thi-ther be - gan to roam, Till a

hammer came up . . . and drove them home. CHORUS OF MAIDENS. GROSVENOR.
It drove them home? It

scen - do.

drove them home; While this mag - ne - tic, Pe - ri - pa - te - tic Lov - er he lived to

learn, By no en - dea - vour Can mag - net e - ver At - tract a Sil - ver Churn ! While

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

this mag - ne - tic, Pe - ri - pa - te - tic Lov - er he lived to learn, By no en - dea - vour Can

mag - net e - ver At - tract a Sil - ver Churn !

rall. *a tempo.*

rall. *f*

(They go off as in Act I., singing "In a melancholy train," etc., and gazing back at him from time to time.)

GROS. At last they are gone! What is this mysterious fascination that I seem to exercise over all I come across? A curse on my fatal beauty, for I am sick of conquests!

(PATIENCE appears L.)

PAT. Archibald!

GROS. (Turns and sees her.) Patience!

PAT. I have escaped with difficulty from my Reginald. I wanted to see you so much, that I might ask you if you still love me as fondly as ever!

GROS. Love you? If the devotion of a lifetime— (Seizes her hand.)

PAT. (Indignantly.) Hold! Unhand me, or I scream! (He releases her.) If you are a gentleman, pray remember that I am another's!—(Very tenderly.) But you do love me, don't you?

GROS. Madly! hopelessly! despairingly!

PAT. That's right! I never can be yours, but that's right!

GROS. And you love this Bunthorne?

PAT. With a heart-whole ecstasy that withers, and scorches, and burns, and stings!—(Sadly.) It is my duty.

GROS. Admirable girl? But you are not happy with him?

PAT. Happy? I am miserable beyond description!

GROS. That's right! I never can be yours, but that's right!

PAT. But go now; I see dear Reginald approaching. Farewell, dear Archibald. I cannot tell you how happy it has made me to know that you still love me.

GROS. Ah, if I only dared— (Advances toward her.)

PAT. Sir! this language to one who is promised to another!—(Tenderly.) Oh, Archibald, think of me sometimes, for my heart is breaking! He is so unkind to me, and you would be so loving!

GROS. Loving— (Advances toward her.)

PAT. Advance one step, and, as I am a good and pure woman, I scream!—(Tenderly.) Farewell, Archibald!—(Sternly.) Stop there!—(Tenderly.) Think of me sometimes!—(Angrily.) Advance at your peril! Once more, adieu!

(GROSVENOR sighs, gazes sorrowfully at her, sighs deeply, and exit. She bursts into tears and weeps on rock.)

In a doleful train,
One and one, I walk all day;
Pity those who love in vain—
None so sorrowful as they
Who can only sigh and say,
Woe is me, alackadav!

BUN. (Seeing PATIENCE.) Crying, eh? What are you crying about?

PAT. I've only been thinking how dearly I love you

BUN. Love me! Bah!

JANE. Love him! Bah!

BUN. (To JANE.) Don't you interfere

JANE. He always crushes me!

PAT. (Going to him.) What is the matter, dear Reginald? If you have any sorrow, tell it to me, that I may share it with you. (Sighing.) It is my duty!

BUN. (Snappishly.) Whom were you talking with just now?

PAT. With dear Archibald.

BUN. (Furiously.) With dear Archibald! Upon my honor, this is too much!

JANE. A great deal too much!

BUN. (Angrily to JANE.) Do be quiet!

JANE. Crushed again!

PAT. I think he is the noblest, purest, and most perfect being I have ever met. But I don't love him. It is true that he is devotedly attached to me, but indeed I don't love him. Whenever he gets affectionate I scream. It is my duty! (Sighing.)

BUN. I dare say! (Turns away to JANE.)

JANE. So do I! I dare say!

PAT. Why, how could I love him and love you too?

BUN. Love me? I don't believe you know what love is!

PAT. (Sighing.) Yes I do. There was a happy time when I didn't, but a bitter experience has taught me.

No. 4.

SONG—Patience.

PATIENCE.

Allegretto.
PIANO.

1. Love is a plain - tive song, Sung by a suf - f'ring
2. Ren - der - ing good for ill, Smil - ing at ev - ry

maid, Tell - ing a tale of wrong, Tell - ing of hope be - tray'd.
frown, Yield - ing your own self - will, Laugh - ing your tear - drops down,

Tun'd to each chang - ing note, Sor - ry when he is sad, . . . Blind to his ev - 'ry
Ne - ver a sel - fish whim, Trou - ble or pain to stir; . . . E - ve - ry - thing for

mote, Mer - - ry when he is glad! Mer - - ry when he . . is glad! . . .
him, No . . . thing at all for her! No . . . thing at all . . for her! . . .

rall.

a tempo.

Love that no wrong can cure, Love that is al - ways new, That is the love that's
 Love that will aye en - dure, Though the re - wards be few, That is the love that's

pure, . . . That is the love that's true! . . . Love that no wrong can cure,
 pure, . . . That is the love that's true! . . . Love that will aye en - dure,

Love that is al - ways new, } That is the love that's pure, That is the
 Though the re - wards be few, }

do. *f*

ad lib.

love, . . the love . . . that's true! (Exit PATIENCE, weeping.)

colla voce. *f*

BUN. Everything has gone wrong with me since that idyl-
 idiot came here. Before that I was admired—I may say,
 loved.
 JANE. Too mild. Adored!

BUN. Do let a fellow soliloquize! The damozels used to
 follow me wherever I went; now they all follow him.
 JANE. Not all! I am still faithful to you.
 BUN. Yes, and a pretty damozel you are!

JANE. No, not pretty—massive. Cheer up! I will never have you, I swear it!

BUN. Oh, thank you! I know what it is; it's his confounded mildness. They find me too highly spiced, if you please! And no doubt I am highly spiced.

JANE. Not for my taste

BUN. (*Savagely.*) No, but I am for theirs. But I can be as mild as he. If they want insipidity, they shall have it. I'll meet this fellow on his own ground, and beat him on it.

JANE. You shall; and I will help you.

BUN. You will? Jane, there's a good deal of good in you after all.

No. 5.

DUET—Jane & Bunthorne.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

JANE.

1st verse. So go to him and say to him, with com - pli - ment i - ron - i - cal—

1st verse. BUNTHORNE.

(Sing "Hey to you—good
2nd verse. JANE.

(Say "Booh to you—pooh,

BUNTHORNE.

2nd verse. I'll tell him that un - less he will con - sent to be more joc - u - lar—

"Your style is much too sanc - ti - fied—your cut is too can -

day to you"—and that's what I shall say!

pooh to you"—and that's what you should say!

To cut his cur - ly hair and stick an eye - glass in his

on - i - cal" - "I was the beau -

(Sing "Bah to you—ha! ha! to you"—and that's what I shall say!)

(Sing "Bah to you—ha! ha! to you"—and that's what you should say!)

cu - lar - To stuff his con - ver -

de - al of the mor - bid young as - the - ti - cal - To doubt my in - spi - ra - tion was re - gard - ed as he -

sa - tion full of quib - ble and of quid - di - ty, To dine on chops and ro - ly - po - ly pud - ding with a -

re - ti - cal - Un - til you cut me out with your pla - ci - di - ty e - me - ti - cal."

Sing "Booh to you,—pooh,

Sing "Hey to you,—good

vi - di - ty - He'd bet - ter clear a - way with all con - ve - ni - ent ra - pi - di - ty.

pooh 'o you"—and that's what I shall say! Sing "Booh to you—poooh, pooh to you"—and that's what I shall
 day to you"—and that's what you should say!
 Sing "Booh to you—poooh, pooh to you"—and that's what I shall

Sing "Hey to you—good day to you"—Sing "Bah to you—ha! ha! to you"—Sing
 say! "Hey, Good-day,
 Sing "Hey to you—good-day to you"—Sing "Bah to you—ha! ha! to you"—Sing
 say! "Hey, Good-day,
 pp

"Booh to you—poooh, pooh to you"—And that's what you should say! Sing "Hey to you—good day to you"—Sing
 Bah, ha! ha! Booh, pooh,
 "Booh to you—poooh, pooh to you"—And that's what you should say! Sing "Hey to you—good day to you"—Sing
 Bah, ha! ha! Booh, pooh
 f pp

"Bah to you—ha! ha! to you," Sing "Bah to you"—And that's what you should say! "Bah bah,"

pooh, Bah," And that's what I shall say! "Booh,

cres *f* *p*

Highest notes and second time.

And that's what you should say! "Booh, booh," And that's what you should

booh," And that's what I shall say! "Bah, bah," And that's what I shall

cres *scen* *do.* *f*

say!

(*Exeunt JANE and BUNTHORNE together.*)

say!

f

(Enter DUKE, COLONEL, and MAJOR. They have abandoned their uniforms, and are dressed and made up in imitation of aesthetics. They have long hair, and other outward signs of attachment to the Brotherhood. As they sing they walk in stiff, constrained, and angular attitudes—a grotesque exaggeration of the attitudes adopted by BUNTHORNE and the Young Ladies in Act I.)

No 6. TRIO—Duke, Major, & Colonel.

Andante.
 PIANO. *p*

DUKE.
 It's
 MAJOR.
 It's
 COLONEL.
 It's

clear that me - di - æ - val art a - lone re - tains its zest, To charm and please its

clear that me - di - æ val art a - lone re - tains its zest, To charm and please its

clear that me - di - æ - val art a - lone re - tains its zest, To charm and please its

de - vo - tees we've done our lit - tle best. We're not quite sure if all we do has the

de - vo - tees we've done our lit - tle best. We're not quite sure if all we do has the

de - vo - tees we've done our lit - tle best. We're not quite sure if all we do has the

Ear - ly Eng - lish ring; But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing like this sort of

Ear - ly Eng - lish ring; But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing like this sort of

Ear - ly Eng - lish ring; But, as far as we can judge, it's some - thing like this sort of

thing: You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that. By

thing: You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By

thing: You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By

(attitude). (attitude).

(attitude).

hook and crook you try to look both an - gu - lar and flat. We ven - ture to ex -

hook and crook you try to look both an - gu - lar and flat. We ven - ture to ex -

hook and crook you try to look both an - gu - lar and flat. We ven - ture to ex -

- pect That what we re - col - lect, Though but a part of true High Art, will

- pect That what we re - col - lect, Though but a part of true High Art, will

- pect That what we re - col - lect, Though but a part of true High Art, will

have its due ef - fect.

have its due ef - fect.

have its due ef - fect.

sempre p

If
 If
 If
p

this is not ex - act - ly right, we hope you won't up - braid; You can't get high *Es* -
 this is not ex - act - ly right, we hope you won't up - braid; You can't get high *Es* -
 this is not ex - act - ly right, we hope you won't up - braid; You can't get high *Es* -

- the - 'ic tastes like trou - sers, rea - dy made. True views on Me - di - æ - - va - li - sm,
 - the - tic tastes like trou - sers, rea - dy made. True views on Me - di - æ - - va - li - sm,
 - the - tic tastes like trou - sers, rea - dy made. True views on Me - di - æ - - va - li - sm,

Time a-lone will bring, But, as far as we can judge, it's some-thing like this sort of

Time a-lone will bring, But, as far as we can judge, it's some-thing like this sort of

Time a-lone will bring, But, as far as we can judge, it's some-thing like this sort of

thing: You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By

thing: You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By

thing: You hold your-self like this, You hold your-self like that, By

hook and crook you try to look both an-gu-lar and flat. To cul-ti-vate the

hook and crook you try to look both an-gu-lar and flat. To cul-ti-vate the

hook and crook you try to look both an-gu-lar and flat. To cul-ti-vate the

trim, Ri - gid - i - ty of limb, You ought to get a Mar - io - nette, and

trim, Ri - gid - i - ty of limb, You ought to get a Mar - io - nette, and

trim, Ri - gid - i - ty of limb, You ought to get a Mar - io - nette, and

The first system consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in a soprano, alto, and tenor range. The piano accompaniment is in the right and left hands. The lyrics are: "trim, Ri - gid - i - ty of limb, You ought to get a Mar - io - nette, and".

form your style on him. (*attitude*).

form your style on him.

form your style on him.

sempre p

The second system continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "form your style on him. (*attitude*).", "form your style on him.", and "form your style on him.". The piano accompaniment includes the instruction *sempre p*.

The third system shows the piano accompaniment for the final part of the piece, consisting of right and left hand staves.

COL. (*attitude*). Yes, it's quite clear that our only chance of making a lasting impression on these young ladies is to become as æsthetic as they are.

MAJ. (*attitude*). No doubt. The only question is how far we've succeeded in doing so. I don't know why, but I've an idea that this is not quite right.

DUKE (*attitude*). I don't like it; I never did. I don't see what it means. I do it, but I don't like it.

COL. My good friend, the question is not whether we like it, but whether they do. They understand these things; we don't. Now, I shouldn't be surprised if this is effective enough—at a distance.

MAJ. I can't help thinking we're a little stiff at it. It would be extremely awkward if we were to be "struck" so!

COL. I don't think we shall be struck so. Perhaps we're a little awkward at first, but everything must have a beginning. Oh, here they come! "Tention!"

(*They strike fresh attitudes in a group as ANG. and SAPHIR enter.*)

ANG. (*Seeing them*). Oh, Saphir, see! see! The immortal fire has descended on them, and they are of the Inner Brotherhood—perceptively intense and consummately utter.

(*The officers have some difficulty in maintaining their constrained attitudes.*)

SAPHIR. (*In admiration*). How Botticellian! How Fra Angelican! O Art! I thank thee for this boon!

COL. (*Apologetically*). I'm afraid we're not quite right.

ANG. Not supremely perhaps, but oh so all-but!—(*To SAPHIR*) Oh, Saphir, are they not quite too all-but?

SAPH. They are indeed jolly utter.

MAJ. (*In agony*). What do the Inner Brotherhood usually recommend for cramp?

COL. Ladies, we will not deceive you. We are doing this at some personal inconvenience, with a view of expressing the extremity of our devotion to you. We trust that it is not without its effect.

ANG. We will not deny that we are much moved by this proof of your attachment.

SAPH. Yes, your conversion to the principles of Æsthetic Art in its highest development has touched us deeply.

ANG. And if Mr. Grosvenor should remain obdurate—

SAPH. Which we have every reason to believe he will—

MAJ. (*Aside, in agony*). I wish they'd make haste.

ANG. We are not prepared to say that our yearning hearts will not go out to you.

COL. (*As giving a word of command*). By sections of threes—Rapture! (*All strike a fresh attitude, expressive of æsthetic rapture.*)

SAPH. Oh, it's extremely good; for beginners it's admirable.

MAJ. The only question is, who will take who?

SAPH. Oh, the Duke chooses first, as a matter of course.

DUKE. Oh, I couldn't think of it; you are really too good!

COL. Nothing of the kind. You are a great matrimonial prize, and it's only fair that each of these ladies should have a chance of hooking you.

DUKE. Won't it be rather awkward?

COL. Awkward? not at all. Observe: suppose you choose Angela, I take Saphir, Major takes nobody. Suppose you choose Saphir, Major takes Angela, I take nobody. Suppose you choose neither, I take Angela, Major takes Saphir. Clear as day!

No. 7. QUINTETTE—Angela, Saphir, Duke, Major, & Colonel.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *ff*

DUKE.

1. If Sa -
2. If on

saphir I choose to mar - ry, I shall be fixed up for life; Then the Col - nel need not
An - gy I de - ter - mine, At my wed - ding she'll ap - pear Decked in di - a - mond and

MAJOR. 1st verse.

tar - ry, An - ge - la can be his wife. In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle
 er - mine, Ma - jor then can take Sa - phir!

COLONEL. 2nd verse.

In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

I shall live and die— I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -
 I shall live and die— I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -

SAPHIR. (All dancing.)

He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

ANGELA.

He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

DUKE.

He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

MAJOR.

thy to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

COLONEL.

and v. our - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!
 and v. their

p
 In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and
p
 In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and
p
 In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and
p
 1. In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle I shall live and
 2. In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and
p
 1. In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and
 2. In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle I shall live and

die— He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con -
f
 die— He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con -
f
 die— He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con -
f
 die— I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con -
 die— He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con -
f
 die— He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con -
 die— I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con -
f

- tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our
- tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our
- tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our
- tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their
- tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our
- tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our
- tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their

heart - felt sym - pa - thy!
heart - felt sym - pa - thy!
heart - felt sym - pa - thy!
heart - felt sym - pa - thy!
heart - felt sym - pa - thy!
heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

DUKE (taking ANGELA).

Al - ter

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is on two staves below, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

some de - bate in ter - nal, If on nei - ther I de - cide, Sa - phir then can take the

The second system continues the musical score with three staves. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same structure as the first system. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

(handing SAPHIR to COLONEL, and ANGELA to M)

Col - 'nel, An - gy be the Ma - jor's bride! In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sta - gie

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue. The piano accompaniment features some longer note values and rests.

I must live and die— I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa -

rall.

colla voce.

The fourth system of the musical score consists of three staves. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue. The piano accompaniment features some longer note values and rests. The system concludes with a fermata over the final notes.

a tempo.
SAPHIR (all dancing as before).

He will have to live con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

ANGELA.

He will have to live con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

thy, to live con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

MAJOR.

He will have to live con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

COLONEL.

He will have to live con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy!

a tempo.

p

In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and

In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and

In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle I shall live and

In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and

In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he will live and

p

die, He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will

die, He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will

die, I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall

die, He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will

die, He will have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will

have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our

have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our

have to be con - tent - ed With their heart - felt sym - pa - thy! I shall have to be con - tent - ed With their

have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our

have to be con - tent - ed With our heart - felt sym - pa - thy! He will have to be con - tent - ed With our

(Enter GROSVENOR.)

GROS. It is very pleasant to be alone. It is pleasant to be able to gaze at leisure upon those features which all others may gaze upon at their good will! (Standing on bank of lake, and looking at his reflection in the water.) Ah! I am a very Narcissus!

(Enter BUNTHORNE, moodily. His hair now resembles GROSVENOR'S—that is to say, it is lank instead of being bushy—and he has shaved his moustache.)

BUN. It's no use; I can't live without admiration. Since Grosvenor came here insipidity has been at a premium. I will show the world that I can be as insipid as he. Ah, he is there!

GROS. Ah, Bunthorne! Come here; look! Is it not beautiful?

(BUNTHORNE also reclines behind lake, so that the actions of both are reflected in water.)

BUN. (Looking in lake.) Which?

GROS. Mine.

BUN. Bah! I am in no mood for trifling.

GROS. And what is amiss?

BUN. Ever since you came here you have entirely monopolized the attentions of the young ladies. I don't like it, sir.

GROS. My dear sir, how can I help it? They are the plague of my life. My dear Mr. Bunthorne, with your personal disadvantages you can have no idea of the inconvenience of being madly loved, at first sight.

BUN. Sir, until you came here I was adored.

GROS. Exactly—until I came here. That's my grievance; I cut everybody out! I assure you if you could only suggest some means whereby, consistently with my duty to society, I could escape these inconvenient attentions, you would earn my everlasting gratitude.

(Both rise and come down.)

BUN. I will do so at once. You may be surprised to hear it, but, however popular it may be with the world at large, your personal appearance is highly objectionable to me.

GROS. It is? (Shaking his hand.) Oh, thank you! thana you! How can I express my gratitude?

BUN. By making a complete change at once. Your conversation must henceforth be perfectly matter of fact. You must cut your hair. In appearance and costume you must be absolutely commonplace.

GROS. (Decidedly.) No. Pardon me, that's impossible.

BUN. Take care. When I am thwarted I am very terrible.

GROS. I can't help that. I am a man with a mission. And that mission must be fulfilled.

BUN. I don't think you quite appreciate the consequences of thwarting me.

GROS. I don't care what they are.

BUN. Suppose—I won't go so far as to say that I will do it—but suppose, for one moment, I were to curse you? (GROSVENOR quails.) Ah! Very well. Take care!

GROS. But surely you would never do that? (In great alarm.)

BUN. I don't know. It would be an extreme measure, no doubt. Still—

GROS. (Wildly.) But you would not do it—I am sure you would not. (Throwing himself at BUNTHORNE'S knees, and clinging to him.) Oh, reflect! reflect! You had a mother once?

BUN. Never!

GROS. Then you had an aunt? (BUNTHORNE affected.) Ah! I see you had. By the memory of that aunt I implore you to pause ere you resort to this last fearful expedient! Oh, Mr. Bunthorne, reflect! reflect! (Weeping.)

BUN. (Aside, after a struggle with himself.) I must not allow myself to be unmanned! (Aloud.) It is useless. Consent at once, or may a nephew's curse—

GROS. Hold! Are you absolutely resolved?

BUN. Absolutely!

GROS. Will nothing shake you?

BUN. Nothing. I am adamant!

GROS. Very good. (Rising.) Then I yield; I will comply with your wishes.

BUN. Ha! You swear it?

GROS. I do, cheerfully. I have long wished for a reasonable pretext for such a change as you suggest. It has come at last; I do it on compulsion!

BUN. Victory! I triumph!

No. 8.

DUET—Bunthorne & Grosvenor.

BUNTHORNE.

When I go out of door, Of

da - mo - zels a score, (All sigh - ing and burr - ing, And cling - ing and yearn - ing) Will fol - low me as be -

fore. I shall, with cul - tured taste, Dis - tin - guish gems from paste, And "High did - dle did - dle" Will

GROSVENOR.

A most in - tense young man, A

rank as an i - dyll, If I pro - nounce it chaste! A most in - tense young man, A

soul - ful-eyed young man, An ul - tra - po - e - ti - cal, su - per - æs - the - ti - cal, Out of the way young man! Con -

scul - ful-eyed young man, An ul - tra - po - e - ti - cal, su - per - æs - the - ti - cal, Out of the way young man!

- ceive me, if you can, An ev - 'ry - day young man: A com - mon - place type, With a

stick and a pipe, And a half - bred black - and - tan. Who 'thinks sub - ur - ban "hops," More

fun than "Mon - day Pops." Who's fond of his din - ner, And does - n't get thin - ner On

GROSVENOR.
 bot - tled beer and chops. A com - mon - place young man— A

BUNTHORNE.
 A com - mon - place young man— A

mat - ter - of - fact young man— A stea - dy and sto - lid - y, jol - ly Bank - ho - li - day, Ev - e - ry - day young

mat - ter - of - fact young man— A stea - dy and sto - lid - y, jol - ly Bank - ho - li - day, Ev - e - ry - day young

man!

(Dancing.)

man! A Ja - pa - nese young man— \ blue and white young man— Fran -

GROS. (Dancing.)

ces - ca di Ri - mi - ni, mi - mi - ny, prim - i - ny, Je - ne - sais - quoi young man. A ¹Chan - ce - ry Lane young

, man - A ²Som - er - set House young man, - A ve - ry de - lec - ta - ble, high - ly re - spec - ta - ble

BUN. (Dancing.)

, Three - pen - ny - bus young man! A pal - lid and thin young man - A hag - gard and lank young man - A.

GROS. (Dancing.)

, green - e - ry - yal - le - ry, Gros - ve - nor Gal - le - ry, Foot - in - the - grave young man! A ³Sew - ell and Gross young

man - A ⁴How - ell and James young man - A push - ing young par - ti - cle - what's the next ar - ti - cle -

NOTE.—Chancery-Lane is where the lawyers' offices are located in London. ²Somerset House is the Government offices. ³, ⁴ Mean simply clerks connected in these houses, which are large dry-goods establishments.

GROSVENOR.

Wa - ter - loo House young man! Con - ceive me, if you can, A mat - ter - of - fact young
 BUNTHORNE.
 Con - ceive me, if you can, A crotch - et - ty, crack'd young

man, An al - pha - be - ti - cal, a - rith - me - ti - cal, Ev - e - ry day young man! Con -
 man, An ul - tra po - e - ti - cal, su - per - ses - the - ti - cal, Out - of - the - way young man! Con -

. ceive me, if you can, A mat - ter - of - fact young man, An
 . ceive me, if you can, A crotch - et - ty, crack'd young man, An

GROSVENOR dances off; BUNTHORNE remains.)

al - pha - be - ti - cal, a - rith - me - ti - cal, Ev - er - y - day - young man!
 ul - tra - po - e - ti - cal, su - per - ses - the - ti - cal, out - of - the - way young man!

BUN. It is all right! I have committed my last act of ill-nature, and henceforth I'm a reformed character. (*Dances about stage, humming refrain of last air.*)

Enter PATIENCE. She gazes in astonishment at him.

PAT. Reginald! Dancing! And— What in the world is the matter with you?

BUN. Patience, I'm a changed man. Hitherto I've been gloomy, moody, fitful—uncertain in temper and selfish in disposition.

PAT. You have indeed! (*Sighing.*)

BUN. All that is changed. I have reformed. I have modelled myself upon Mr. Grosvenor. Henceforth I am mildly cheerful. My conversation will blend amusement with instruction. I shall still be æsthetic, but my æstheticism will be of the most pastoral kind.

PAT. Oh, Reginald! Is all this true?

BUN. Quite true. Observe how amiable I am. (*Assuming a fixed smile.*)

PAT. But, Reginald, how long will this last?

BUN. With occasional intervals for rest and refreshment, as long as I do.

PAT. Oh, Reginald, I'm so happy! (*In his arms.*) Oh dear, dear Reginald! I cannot express the joy I feel at this change. It will no longer be a duty to love you, but a pleasure, a rapture, an ecstasy!

BUN. My darling!

PAT. But— Oh, horror! (*Recoiling from him.*)

BUN. What's the matter?

PAT. Is it quite certain that you have absolutely reformed—that you are henceforth a perfect being, utterly free from defect of any kind?

BUN. It is quite certain. I have sworn it!

PAT. Then I never can be yours!

BUN. Why not?

PAT. Love to be pure, must be absolutely unselfish, and there can be nothing unselfish in loving so perfect a being as you have now become!

BUN. But stop a bit! I don't want to reform—I'll relapse—I'll be as I was—

PAT. No; love should purify—it should never debase.

BUN. But I assure you, I— Interrupted!

(Enter GROSVENOR, followed by all the young ladies, who are followed by chorus of Dragoons. He has had his hair cut, and is dressed in an ordinary suit of dittos and a pot hat. The young ladies wear modern dresses. They all dance cheerfully round the stage, in marked contrast to their former languor.)

No. 9. Grosvenor & Chorus of Maidens.

Vivace.

PIANO. *p stacc.*

GROSVENOR

I'm a

Wa - ter - loo House young man, A Sew - ell and Cross young man, A stea - dy and sto - lid - y,

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

jol - ly Bank - ho - li - dy, Ev - e - ry day young man. We're Swears and Wells young

girls, We're Ma-dame Lou-ise young girls, We're pret-ti-ly pat-ter-ing,
chee-ri-ly chat-ter-ing, Ev-e-ry-day young girls.

BUN. Angela! Ella! Saphir! What—what does this mean?
ANG. It means that Archibald the All Right cannot be wrong; and if the All Right chooses to discard æstheticism, it proves that æstheticism ought to be discarded.

PAT. Oh, Archiba'd! Archibald! I'm shocked! surprised! horrified!

GROS. I can't help it; I'm not a free agent. I do it on compulsion.

PAT. This is terrible. Go! I shall never set eyes on you again. But— Oh joy!

GROS. What is the matter?

PAT. Is it quite, quite certain that you will always be a commonplace young man?

GROS. Always! I've sworn it.

PAT. Why, then, there's nothing to prevent my loving you with all the fervor at my command!

GROS. Why, that's true.

PAT. My Archibald!

GROS. My Patience! (They embrace.)

BUN. Crushed again.

(Enter JANE.)

JANE (who is still æsthetic). Cheer up! I am still here. I have never left you, and I never will!

BUN. Thank you, Jane. After all, there is no denying it, you're a fine figure of a woman!

JANE. My Reginald!

BUN. My Jane! (Embrace.)

(Flourish. Enter COLONEL, DUKE, and MAJOR.)

COL. Ladies, I have great and glorious news for you. The Duke has at length determined to select a bride. (General excitement.)

DUKE. I have a great gift to bestow. Approach, such of you as are truly lovely. (All come forward bashfully except JANE and PATIENCE.) In personal beauty you have all that is necessary to make a woman happy. In common fairness, I think I ought to choose the only one among you who has the misfortune to be distinctly plain. (Girls retire disappointed.) Jane!

JANE. (Leaving BUNTHORNE'S arms.) Duke! (JANE and DUKE embrace. BUNTHORNE is utterly miserable.)

BUN. Crushed again.

FINALE.

DUKE. After much debate internal
I on Lady Jane decide;
Saphir now can take the Colonel,
Ancy be the Major's bride.

NOTE.—Swears & Wells and Madame Louise are large millinery establishments.

No. 10.

FINALE.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

DUKE.

Af - ter

much de - bate in - ter - nal, I on La - dy Jane de - cide, Sa - phir now may take the

BUNTHORNE.

Col - 'nel, An - gy be the Ma - jor's bride! In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle

I must live and die, I shall have to be con - tent - ed With a tu - lip or li -

SAPHIR.
He will have to be con - tent - ed With a tu - lip or li - ly!

ANGELA.
He will have to be con - tent - ed With a tu - lip or li - ly!

DUKE.
He will have to be con - tent - ed With a tu - lip or li - ly!

BUNTHORNE.
ly!
to be con - tent - ed With a tu lip or li - ly!

COLONEL. p
He will have to be con - tent - ed With a tu - lip or li - ly!

p
In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he must live and

p
In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he must live and


p
In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he must live and

p
In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle I must live and

p
In that case un - pre - ce - dent - ed, Sin - gle he must live and




dy be Bun - thorne's Bride !



dy be Bun - thorne's Bride !

(SAPHIR pairs off with COLONEL, ANGELA with MAJOR, ELLA with SOLICITOR. PATIENCE, of course, has paired with GROSVENOR.)


BUN. In that case unprecedented,
Single I must live and die;
I shall have to be contented
With a tulip or lily.



dy be Bun - thorne's Bride !

(Takes a lily from buttonhole and gazes affectionately at it.)

ALL. He will have to be contented,
With a tulip or lily !



dy be Bun - thorne's Bride !

ALL. Greatly pleased with one another,
To get married we decide!
Each of us will wed the other,
Nobody be Bunthorne's bride!



dy be Bun - thorne's Bride !

GENERAL DANCE.
CURTAIN.